



Under the Bed



211 27 32

Chapter 1 by Makayla Jannae Heighton

She was afraid of me.

That hurt, but I understood. To her I was nothing but a monster. which of course was true, I was. I was exactly the kind of monster humans told stories about. Here's a secret, some of those stories are true.

But there are some things that humans get wrong. We don't want to hurt the children whose beds we live under, we are only sent there to protect them. In Sarah's case that was from her parents.

At night when I was keeping watch, sometimes Sarah could sense me. I never let her see or hear me. But she still knew. Humans had away of doing that.

Chapter 2 by jaiiy



Every night the little girl would cover up her scars and come to look at my home, under her undersized little cot, but I remained invisible. She wasn't ready yet. I changed my aura as much as possible to seem friendly, and maybe she understood a little, because she sat down next to me and talked to me. Her little voice quivered, but she faced her fears and poured out the story of her life.

I don't know what you look like or where you're there. I know you're there and that you're not going anywhere.

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She rolls up her jeans. One long gasp runs like a stream along the side of each lower leg.

I got these for disobedience. I was playing outside, running, for the first time of my life, and the air was so sweet and the flowers were so pretty and the birds were so musical, I forgot that I wasn't allowed to leave the house. Ever.

One scar paints her collarbone.

_I got this for singing. When I woke up one morning, there was a song in my head. It's was so beautiful, and I hummed it out. Within a few minutes, I was in a symphony with the birds... But then they heard.

And then, to my shock, she pulls back her hair. What was imprinted on her scalp was unbearable to see.

I got these for dreaming. And that's why I will never dream, or sing, or smile again. Ever. Because the heart is useless when you have a brain.

With that, she left and went to sleep. And I understood why I had been assigned to this girl, little Sarah. Her parents had made her dead inside. And it was up to me to make her live again.

Chapter 3 by Acacia



I could hear her parents yelling downstairs. Sarah was still sleeping. I felt her pain. But i also knew she was used to this. However, we are strong together, and i'll save her with everything i have. Even though she doesn't know about it.

Chapter 4 by Trisha Smith



I started with little things. It had to be little, too much and she'd be blamed. A knife from the kitchen, a few extra granola bars, but more importantly, the spare key.

It stayed forgotten in a small drawer, put there when Sarah was old enough to be alone. The main key hung on her Father's key chain, that was off limits.

I waited until the yelling stopped for the night. Sarah still slept, her little hand hung loosely over

the edge of her bed. I glided to the locked door, with a small click and creak, the door cracked open. I slid the key back under the door. As she was digging across the floor, she clearly opened her eyes. I walked into the hallway as she looked at what she was seeing.

"Thank you." She hushed.

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Chapter 5 by Queen of Words



As Sarah got older, I began to do more troublesome things. Slowly sliding the mattress off their bed. Leaving a few small cuts on their bodies. Leaving some of my scales in a closet. I was still careful never to let Sarah get blamed. Every night she would come sit with me and reveal the horrors that her parents put on her. Once there were three huge scratches on her face...apparently because she got a bad grade. I wept tears for her. How could her parents, her godawful parents, do this to her? I began to plan out more horrible things for them. Like cutting off a bit of their hair each night. Using my magic to age them. Tearing off a nail from their finger. Burning them with a small match. Of course, they never woke. I didn't let them. But Sarah understood. She understood everything. She even began to figure out my shape.

Chapter 6 by ms.poptart



I was glad she was figuring me out. I was glad she talked to me about things. I'm glad she knows that I would never ever hurt her in such a way her parents have. I've never even thought about it.

I need her safe because I care for her. I was assigned to her, to protect her with everything I have.

And she knows it.

She believes it.

She knows I'm real.

Always has known.

Doing more daring things like hurting her parents was worth it. But if it makes her sad that they are hurt, even if they did such horrible things to her, I would stop right then and there. I would never do it again until she gave me permission.

But she hasn't said stop just yet.

So I will continue until they can't and won't ever hurt her again.

Chapter 7 by Queen of Words



The next night, I cut off all their hair. I took care of all the evidence and then put a memory into their heads that ensured them that she didn't do it. Sarah would stay safe and sound as long as I was here.

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Sarah had only been humming a little tune to herself as she did the chores. Merely a little tune. Her mother had flown into a rage and ensued to cut her with the very knife Sarah had been washing. I began to formulate a plan.

Chapter 8 by Tyler Mowery



This plan, was not evil, nor was it wrong or wicked. But rather a plan to change the way they thought about *my* little Sarah. I believe that I am the reason Sarah is still alive, I do not fear that she will commit suicide, but rather that her own parents will do the job for her.

I will erase every memory that has ever had anything to do with them either hurting Sarah, or Sarah ever doing anything even remotely poor or unsatisfactory. I will replace their memories with new memories I have created that will make her parents love her rather than assault and attack her.

Memories of them playfully wrestling, watching them learn to walk and speak, Sarah's first day of school, the notes Sarah would leave behind saying "I love you mommy and daddy!", and most of all, memories of laughter.

the end

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